

Sombody I promysse the I wyl the cures
As for that I shall not be the wurs
Of a peny, for I pas not on it no; yet
Of your cures (saupng your honour) an a;
For all this to prouffye is nomore possyble
Than for to d;ynke in a quysyble
Is not he worthy pastorage to lede
That hath no science neyther to wyte o; red
It is no longer tyme here for to commune

Juatyce I wyl be gone tyll a space oportune
Was here ony styfe o; busynes
That I herd betwene you cryes.
Wold ony body do you Jmury
Noble lord, tell me hardyly
Fere not do not your honour recule
For I am he that moost often dooth rule
Quet the people my name is Juatyce

Synyster. O gentylman of ryght hygh pryce
I have ben wont in soule and body
To the people trouth to shew openly
Late to go to rest, and erly for to ryl
Honour and goodes dayly to acquyse
To be serued, and not for to serue
Reuerence and prayse for to consetue
With benefyces to lyue in estate
Ryche lodgings and bytaylles dylcate
Doulket wythes a pompyous aray
Without trauayle for to rest alway
Sauld ony to kepe my benefyce
But weryte to my p;ejudyce
Is contrary to me in all thyng
And wold haue me chaunge my lyuynge
Which dooth geue me ful twardshyp

Juatyce, Noble lord alas, and why

That serueth her in accypre
But she wold that verpte were tyd
And vnder the ground to be hyd
That she myght neuer more appeare
And that people shold her neuer here

Myngster **C**People I do hold in my bandes surely
But I cannot ouercome sombody

Quatrece **C**My lady Symony thal tetayn
Of her garnements as do appetayn
To a faythful and holy precher
Bycause that people thal take her
For verpte seynge the clothyng
But who dyscouereth her any thyng
Shal forthwith be punysshed
And in the fyre shalbe rosted
As saynt Laurence tyl he dye

Myngster **C**I will setue my lady Symony
For I wyl like noue oher Maystresse
Sith I may haue p.ouffree and rycheesse
I wylle not of the tementant
Symony entresse I rou graunt
In to the chyrch whan that ye pleas
And you auarpre shall kepe the keas
Alwaye so thynke it reason.

Quatrece **C**Here they spoyle Marye
Coure lady ouer long sealon
Haue ye ruled in this Mayster
Ye haue put Myngster fro his dysguyte
Your nest shalbe no longer here
At ones put of you all this gere
For it is conuenient
To declare people all out entent

All your doynge to dysparunt
 I metuell that she dare let her mynde
 A gaisst you ones to be unkynde
 For if that she dyd as is her duety
 Onely with the twinkling of your eye
 She ought afore you for to make
 Of your dysgryte grudge for to make
 It is the people that shold go bace
 Doozely, neddy and of pyl fare
 Truly if ye wyl do by my demer
 Ye shall do Werytenomore leturce
 I have found one better to your pay
Good sy: That pce my thought is alway
 How for to procure prouffite
 And in my hert I haue great spete
 That Weryte shold me contrary
 Therefore I pray you heuily
 Proude for me another maystresse
That I wyl do with all my besynesse
 I promyse you, and byng her hert
 She and I wyl come bothe to gyther
 Syfter Symony our lorde you saue
 For to fynd you great ioy I haue
 Go with me good gentyll syfter
 For to confort good Wynyfster
 He hath for sake Weryte
 And I thynke verily that he
 Wold haue you to his louer and Maystresse
 And you to be his gouernetesse
 Come on, we wyl here his aduise
If he wyl come into my leturce
 He shall lacke no goodes at all
God speke you bothe great and small
 Here haue I thought agone manse

 BIBLIOTHECA
 CAMBETHANA

And to our chutche he can not be t wpr

Except he do all our Penaunce
And satisfy it to the ordynance

As is declared in our canons
Synodals, Decrees and Pardons

mbdy **C** Now without ony more delay
Let vs ryd her out of the way

aryes **C** Let vs cast her into a pyt
And couer her so close and playn

That she may neuer ryse agayn
Do your deuot I you requeyre

synyster **C** She ought to be cast in to a fyre
Why stand we so long about this matter

People shall not here her clatter
Of a long tyme, which maketh me mery

terte **C** The tyme is come that I dyd prophecy
How that I shold be hrd many yeris

And that many wold geue they eares
To lesynges and vanytyes

To fals doctrine and tromperies
Alas do ye not se how

The tyme is come very now
Of the watynge of Iesus Chyrl

fro the fals Prophetes of Antechyrl
The which shold come in fals aray

Outward as symple shepe alway
And with in wolues rauynng

And than euidently gryng
They fruptes (sayth he) shall them declare

And they purpose what they heres are
Wap the Chyrlle good frugges bere

12.



